

Euen at the crying of your Nations crow,
Thinking this voyce an armed Englishman,
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
That in your Chambers gaue you chastisement?
No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
And like an Eagle, o're his ayerie towres,
To fowle annoyance that comes neere his Nest;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Reuolts,
you bloody Nero's, ripping vp the wombe
Of your deere Mother-England; blush for shame:
For your owne Ladies, and pale-visag'd Maides,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drummes:
Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needl's to Lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Dol. There end thy braue, and turn thy face in peace,
We grant thou canst out-scold vs: Far thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabler.

Pan. Giue me leane to speake.

Basf. No, I will speake.

Dol. We will attend to neyther:

Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of warre
Pleade for our interest, and our being heere.

Basf. Indeepe your drums being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An eccho with the clamor of thy drumme,
And euen at hand, a drumme is readie brac'd,
That shall reuerberate all, as lowd as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall
(As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins eare,
And mocke the deepe mounth'd Thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting Legate heere,
Whom he hath vs'd rather for sport, then neede)
Is warlike *John*: and in his fore-head sits
A bare-rib'd death, whose office is this day
To feast vpon whole thousands of the French.

Dol. Strike vp our drummes, to finde this danger out.

Basf. And thou shalt finde it (*Dolphin*) do not doubt

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Alarums. Enter John and Hubert.

John. How goes the day with vs? oh tell me *Hubert*.

Hub. Badly I feare; how fares your Maiesty?

John. This Feauer that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heauie on me: oh, my heart is sicke.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord: your valiant kinsman *Falconbridge*,
Desires your Maiestie to leaue the field,
And send him word by me, which way you go.

John. Tell him toward *Swinsford*, to the Abbey there.

Mes. Be of good comfort: for the great supply,
That was expected by the *Dolphin* heere,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* sands.
This newes was brought to *Richard* but euen now,
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

John. Aye me, this tyrant Feauer burnes mee vp,
And will not let me welcome this good newes.
Set on toward *Swinsford*: to my Litter straight,
Weaknesse possesseth me, and I am faint.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not thinke the King so stor'd with friends,
Pem. Vp once againe: put spirit in the French,
If they miscarry: we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten diuell *Falsonbridge*,

In spight of spight, alone vpholds the day.

Pem. They say King *John* fore sick, hath left the field.

Enter Meloone wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the Reuolts of England heere.

Sal. When we were happie, we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count *Meloone*.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly Noble English, you are bought and sold,

Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion,

And welcome home againe discarded faith,

Seeke out King *John*, and fall before his feete:

For if the French be Lords of this loud day,

He meanes to recompence the paines you take,

By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworne,

And I with him, and many moe with mee,

Vpon the Altar at *S. Edmondsbury*,

Euen on that Altar, where we swore to you

Deere Amity, and euerslasting loue.

Sal. May this be possible? May this be true?

Mel. Haue I not hideous death within my view,

Retaining but a quantity of life,

Which bleeds away, euen as a forme of waxe

Refolueh from his figure 'gainst the fire?

What in the world should make me now deceiue,

Since I must loose the vse of all deceite?

Why should I then be false, since it is true

That I must dye heere, and liue hence, by Truth?

I say againe, if *Lewis* do win the day,

He is forsworne, if ere those eyes of yours

Behold another day breake in the East:

But euen this night, whose blacke contagious breath

Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne,

Euen this ill night, your breathing shall expire,

Paying the fine of rated Treachery,

Euen with a treacherous fine of all your lines:

If *Lewis*, by your assistance win the day,

Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;

The loue of him, and this respect besides

(For that my Grandfire was an Englishman)

Awakes my Conscience to confesse all this.

In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence

From forth the noise and rumour of the Field;

Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts

In peace: and part this bodie and my soule

With contemplation, and deuout desires.

Sal. We do beleue thee, and beshrew my soule,

But I do loue the fauour, and the forme

Of this most faire occasion, by the which

We will vtread the steps of damned flight,

And like a bared and retired Flood,

Leauing our ranknesse and irregular course,

Stoope lowe within those bounds we haue ore-look'd,

And calmly run on in obedience

Euen to our Ocean, to our great King *John*.

My arme shall giue thee helpe to beare thee hence,

For

For I do see the cruell pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight,
And happie newnesse, that intends old right. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and his Traine.

Dol. The Sun of heaven (me thought) was loth to set;

But staid, and made the Westerne Welkin blush,

When English measure backward their owne ground

In faint Retire: Oh brauely came we off,

When with a volley of our needlesse shot,

After such bloody toile, we bid good night,

And woon'd our tottering colours clearly vp,

Last in the field, and almost Lords of it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Prince, the *Dolphin*?

Dol. Heere: what newes?

Mes. The Count *Meloone* is slaine: The English Lords

By his perswasion, are againe false off,

And your supply, which you haue with'd so long,

Are cast away, and funke on *Goodwin* sands.

Dol. Ah fowle, shrew'd newes. Beshrew thy very

I did not thinke to be so sad to night (hart:

As this hath made me. Who was he that said

King *John* did slie an houre or two before

The stumbling night did part our wearie powres?

Mes. Who euer spoke it, it is true my Lord.

Dol. Well: keepe good quarter, & good care to night,

The day shall not be vp so soone as I,

To try the faire aduenture of to morrow. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Bastard and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Whose there? Speake ho, speake quickly, or
I shoote.

Basf. A Friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Basf. Whether dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affaires,

As well as thou of mine?

Basf. *Hubert*, I thinke.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:

I will vpon all hazards well beleuee

Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:

Who art thou?

Basf. Who thou wilt: and if thou please

Thou maist be-friend me so much, as to thinke

I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.

Hub. Vnkinde remembrance: thou, & endles night,

Haue done me shame: Braue Soldier, pardon me,

That any accent breaking from thy tongue,

Should scape the true acquaintance of mine eare.

Basf. Come, come: sans complement, What newes

abroad?

Hub. Why heere walke I, in the black brow of night

To finde you out.

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